SHE WAS SUCH A NICE
YOUNG GAL.

Blow on, ye winds, and crack your cheeks,
But don't blow me away,
For since I've met with fortune's freaks,
I now will sing my lay!
Then you must know, I fell in love,
With one whose name was Sal,
She loved me in return by Jove,
She was such a nice young gal.
Tol lol, tol lol, &c.

Her eyes they were as black as sloes,
Her mouth was rather wide,
Five inches long her little nose,
With a bump upon its side;
Her teeth they were like ivory white,
Forget 'em I never shall;
For once she did my finger bite,
She was such a nice young gal.

She used to dress so very chaste,
Short sleeves to show her muscle;
And only two yards round the waist,
With lots of natural bustle.
In pink stripe frock and pea green boots,
And when we walked Pall Mall,
Folks gazed upon our seperate suits,
And said----"What a nice young gal."

She had such a pleasant appetite,
To please her I was willing:
So fast she put things out of sight,
I soon spent my last shilling;
If a handsome gown piece caught her eye,
'Twas "buy it for me, Hal!"
Of course, I straightway did comply,
She was such a nice young gal.

Now comes the end of all my woe,
One day she was taken ill,
Then to her house I straight did go,
I recollect it still.
The door was opened, in I went,
Forget her I never shall,
I soon found what her illness meant,
She'd got a little gal!

Oh, Sal, why what a cheat you be,
No more you shall me wheedle,
For, 'pon my word, it wasn't me,
And so I'll tell the beadle.
My peace of mind is broken quite,
To be content I never shall,
Unless I should meet here to-night—
Another nice young gal.

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